

was towards him; I pretended to be doing something. When he entered, he stood for a moment surveying the room, then said, "Hi buddy. Going someplace?"

"Yes," I said standing up erect, "I'm moving out."

"Don't like the roomers?"

"Don't like the room," I said.

I looked him in the face, and I could see he was hurt, but he soon covered this fact up by helping me with my packing. Had I not known him so well, he would have succeeded in making me believe he was even glad I was leaving. He closed my suitcases and carried them downstairs

and out to the car. I followed him with a couple of coats over my arm. When we had put them in the car, I turned to him and said, "Well, so long; I'll be seein' you."

"Yes," he said, "good bye; I'll see you around." He shot me an askance look, turned, and went up the walk towards the front porch.

I stepped on the starter; the motor roared momentarily. As it idled down, I could hear a dog's painful howl. Even after I had driven a block, I could still hear the howling as the dog retreated towards the back yard. I knew someone had kicked him.

POEM

ARDATH WEIGLER

I Ivy and jew growing in pink and blue
mugs
Mugs meant for small children
Mugs settled primly on lace doilies
Atop a spinster desk

TWO MONTHS LATER

II He was standing there under the neon
sign—tall, hair rough in the wind—
broken outline of glasses and upturned
collar

Dull tap of narrow black heels on
the asphalt.

He turned as they walked toward
him, to him, past him.

Her heart did a flat-footed ballet
as she thought, "This is the end, fool."
—tugging, choking, adolescent heavi-
ness crushing her breath with its
vacuum.

He thought, "She's putting on a
little weight," and lighted a cigarette.

III Experience

Is like a candle . . .

Burning path traced

In beauty or dormant pain

For the moment

And then is gone

Behind it—a smoked and streaked
stain . . .

IV Gray

Thin—splintered and stifling

With iron etching of trees and stone

In bitter relief against the vague

Blankness of a flat day—

Lop-sided spiral of factory smoke

Slowly unwinds itself

From soot-crusting chimney—

Gray arcs of steel colored starlings

Wheeling with scissor-like precision

Toward a gray future.

Inside, dry warmth of the silver-pale
radiator

Brings forth odor of old wine

From empty bottles on the dirty

Window sill